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THE SOWER TO HIS SEED.

FROM THE GERMAN,

Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave so wet and so cold—
There must you lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you.
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!
What grief make known for loss of the day;
Sadly you'd speak;
"Lie here must I ever?
While the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?"

Have faith, little seed; soon yet again
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain,
Thou'lt be so fair.
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air.

So must we sink in the earth's black mould;
Sink in the grave so wet and so cold;
There must we stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time turn to eternity,
Darkness to day.

Letter from Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson.

LANCASTER, Pa., Friday, April 12.

To the Members of the Convention:

LADIES: Most earnestly do I thank you for the kind confidence and good will with which you have invited me to be present and take part in the proceedings of an Equal Rights Convention, to be held at Salem, Ohio, on the 19th and 20th of the present month. Joyfully would I hasten to be present with you, but am prevented by unsurmountable obstacles from profiting by your wisdom or lending my insignificant aid in the good cause you have now in hand.

No person can be more deeply impressed than I am with the utterly wrong basis on which Society at present rests. To use the words of Scripture, "The foundations of the earth are out of course." You express a fear that I am not as radical as you would wish. I fancy that no person sees more plainly, or feels more deeply, the wrongs which the strong inflict upon the weak, than my humble self. I have in my own person suffered almost every wrong and sorrow. I am sometimes accused of speaking with bitterness; but I have fed on bitter bread and waters of Marah. How should I speak honeyed words?

Yet, as a reformer, my views differ from some, being, as I fancy, more 'radical,' as I would strike at the root of the evil.

I would not dictate to any person, much less to a Society; yet in my view, 'knowledge is power.' Education, of itself, will make us free; ignorance is not fit to be trusted with freedom. If the slave States would educate their young blacks, give them trades, and suffer them, at a certain age, to go out free, they would do their duty; but if these slaves, in their present ignorance and degradation, unused as they are to provide for their own wants, were to-day set at liberty, it would, in my opinion, be a deed to be deplored. A few of them would make a living, but the great mass would be incapable of providing for themselves, and the poor-houses and jails would be full of them, from one end of the land to the other. Yet we do not understand why a black skin should prevent a man from being a man, any more than a black eye. We are sure that education is able to raise the black to an intellectual level with his white brother, and we believe the time is near when the 'slave will be free from his master.' But we are constitutionally averse to all violent measures, even to bring about good ends. We would qualify men for freedom, and then it would not be possible to retain them in bondage. Slaveholders have opposed the education of their 'human cattle' (impious assumption!) from this conviction; and for the same reason man has opposed the intellectual progress of woman. But look at the results. The slaveholder's children are debased by domestic intercourse with his 'cattle,' and the whole race of man is inferior in consequence of the incompetence of mothers, who form the young mind and effect the indelible impressions upon the intellect and heart. Thus man's idiotic pride and injustice to woman reacts upon himself, and the degradation of a part of the population debases a whole country. Right education can alone eradicate these evils.

Do not be offended, but I am constrained to utter my belief that the great majority of my own sex are at present incapable of doing service to their country or honor to themselves in public stations. When we consider the deplorable ignorance of everything but household drudgery of the great mass, and the miserable tinsel that is palmed off as education on the most favored, we see only here and there one whose God-given intellect, with a supernatural power, has overleaped all obstacles and caught a living coal from the altar of science. These would honor their country in any station; but for every one of such, there are thousands of poor, weak, imbecile, helpless things, no more fit to touch the chariot of Liberty than a leper was to carry the ark of God's covenant.

But I insist that woman possesses naturally mental capacities every way equal to those of man. And I will never relinquish this belief until, having enjoyad all advantages in common with him, she shall fail to equal him in attainment.—The gates of science have always been kept shut against her by popular prejudice, and the fashionable schools for girls have been infinitely worse than none, for it has been their effort to smother, under affectation and morbid delicacy, the little common sense that survived the restraints of the nursery. After being taught etiquette, the hypocritical conventionalities of fashion, a little music, and a few French phrases—all by rote—they are turned out, to use their accomplishments for the purpose for which they have been taught to value them, viz: to win a husband and secure a settlement. They are married at 17, soon become mothers, are consigned to oblivion or kept alive by a round of vanity and dissipation. This picture, however humiliating, is a true representation. Such women are fit for nothing but to die as they have lived.

We sometimes hear men advocating the cause of woman, talk of elevating and educating her, as if she must receive all things at his hand. We only ask to be allowed 'to enjoy the common gifts of Heaven.' We have no patience with the phrenologist who attempts to establish woman's inferiority by pretending a difference of formation in the heads of males and females. That such teaching is libelous, any person can convince himself by noticing the heads of those around him; especially let him go into a school of young children. We know that he will find no one distinguishing, general characteristic. This assumption of phrenology has made the whole science false and contemptible in my estimation. Women have heads as large, in proportion to the size of their persons, as men have; and until it shall be proved that the ox is more intelligent than the dog, because he is larger, we will never believe that man is wiser than woman because he has more bulk of flesh, blood and bones.

The evils of society are attributable to false systems of education. Boys are miserably neglected in the domestic training, and girls in the scholastic. If the boys received the same lessons of gentleness, submission, self-denial, endurance, truth, and purity, which are deemed indispensable to girls, and girls were permitted to attend Schools and Colleges, as boys do, until they are twenty-four or five, we should need no Conventions for revolution or reform; and I very much fear that, until education shall have done her work, no reformitory efforts will greatly benefit Society.

The greatest bane of woman, and the strongest obstacle to her elevation is the deplorable manner of early marriages. Very few girls attain their growth, fewer still maturity of constitution and intellect, before they are made wives and mothers. Every man knows that such a course must of necessity deteriorate any race of domestic animals; and does he suppose himself an exception to the immutable laws of nature? Woman, however she may appear so, is not mature earlier than man; and in all marriages, the nearer of an age the parties are, the greater is their chance of happiness, prosperity, long life and healthy, good-tempered children. Early marriages, more than any other cause, prevent the development of the female intellect. The reasons that support this

truth are obvious. Woman will never be qualified to fill the position for which her Creator endowed and designed her, until, rejecting early marriage, she shall devote to study the same season of her life that is appropriated to the same end by man. Suppose that boys uniformly left school at the age of seventeen, or eighteen at farthest, just as the intellect becomes capable of understanding and grasping learning, and were then immediately devoted to some all-engrossing business, how many learned men would the world have to boast? We are bold to say, not more than it now has of women.

I would not, like revolutionary France, depose a tyrant, educated to the throne, and substitute ignorance, drunk with newly-acquired power, and the emancipated slave, in whose hand freedom is like a sword in the grasp of a madman. I would not revolutionize, but reform.

As regards the right of suffrage, and all Government rights, I do not understand by what rule woman can be excluded. She is amenable to the laws in her own person; she is, in common with her family, subject to all the ills consequent upon a wrong administration of public affairs. If she has property, she is subject to all taxes, whether levied for purposes of war or otherwise; and she is certainly as much interested in the future welfare of her children and of posterity as their other parent can be. As to qualifications, even now the great mass of women are as capable of forming a right judgment as the great mass of men. We know that all elections are carried by the rabble, who, without knowledge or principle, follow such leaders as are able to secure their confidence; and the vote of a drunken fool counts against that of the most able statesman. It is hardly worth while, then, to plead incompetent understanding.

At all events, woman could not be led by the potent bridle of demagoguism, which is a free dispensing of intoxicating drinks, which drowns the consciousness of right in the muddy heads of half our sovereign people, who, because they are allowed to say aye to the scheme of some plotting villain, imagine they exercise some voice in the Government.

We see no power able to reform all abuses, and place mankind on a level, but the great expositor of God's truth, Education.

Thus, my dear friends, I have given you a hasty sketch of my opinions upon these vital subjects; and I earnestly pray that your Convention may be guided in its action by the spirit of Divine Wisdom, and be made instrumental in opening the way to universal emancipation, and thus hastening the millenium of Virtue, Brotherhood and Peace.

Once more tendering my thanks for your invitation and expressions of kindness and confidence, I write myself, Your co-worker,

LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

From the Ladies' Wreath.

HAV'NT THE CHANGE.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

It was house cleaning time, and I had an old colored woman at work scrubbing and cleaning paint.

"Polly is going," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

"Very well. Tell her I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl.

I took out my purse, and found that I had nothing in it less than a three dollar bill.

"How much does she have a day?"

"Six shillings."

"I hav'nt the change this evening. Tell her I will pay her for both days to-morrow."

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me,

"I don't think old Polly liked your not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable then," said I, without reflection. "I sent her word that I had no change. How did she expect that I could pay her?"

"Some people are queer, you know," remarked the girl who had made the communication, more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else.

I kept thinking over what the girl had said, until other suggestions came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got a bill changed," said I, as the idea that Polly might be really in want of the money intruded itself. "It would have been very little trouble."

This was the begining of a new train of reflections, which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor old woman away, after a hard days work, without her money. That she stood in need of it was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless in me," said I, as I dwelt longer and longer on the subject.

"What's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look serious.

"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am; and cannot help it. You will, perhaps, smile at me, but small causes some times produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came, she asked for her wages, and I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent her word that I hadn't the change. There was nothing less than a three dollar bill in my purse. I didn't reflect that a poor old woman who has to go out to daily work, must need her money as soon as it is earned. I'm very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words seemed to have made considerable impression on his mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired at length.

"No; but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"It can't be helped now," said my husband in a tone of regret. "But I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy.—My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old—and she was poor. It was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones.

"Once, I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday, we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a mouthful of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little and a little while longer, until she had finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady, who would pay her for the work. Then, she said, we would have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with my mother to help carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burden fatigued her.—The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want unmet, that money could supply. When we came into her presence, she took the work, and after glancing at it carelessly, said,

"It will do very well."

"My mother lingered; perceiving which the lady said rather rudely,

"You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?"

"Two dollars," replied my mother. The lady took out her purse, and after looking through a small parcel of bills, said.

"I hav'nt the change this evening. Call over any time and you shall have it."

"And without giving my mother time [illegible] earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room.

"I never shall forget the night that followed.—My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her want. An hour after our return home, she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and learning our situation, supplied the present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I awaited, on the next morning, the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and, handing her the money she had earned on the day before, said,

"I'm sorry I had'nt the change for you last night, Polly. I hope you did'nt want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied,

"Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I would'nt have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I'm sorry," said I, with sincere regret.—"How is Hetty this morning?"

"She is'nt so well, ma'am. And I feel very bad about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

"The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never, since, have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned."

FRESH AIR.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bed chamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed affluvium from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarius in a lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of the night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's overflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate wren and the tender little robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh and vigorous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly born hare without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful, under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of the night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry tree, and is always in the primest health the year throughout. Three dunghill fowls, preferring this cherry tree to the warm perches in the hen house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never since gone to any other roosting place.

The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain top. I myself can sleep all night long, bare-headed, under the full moon's watery beam, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an overheated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were attended to—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.—[*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

EARLY DEPRAVITY.—A boy named Jas. Kelly, only 11 years old, was found at midnight in the streets, beastly drunk and soaking wet.—Tribune

For the Lily.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A few days since I had the pleasure of hearing this distinguished advocate of temperance. High as were my anticipations, they certainly were more than realized. It was his seventh address in the place, and yet to secure a seat we were compelled to go long before sundown, and even then we occupied one none the most comfortable. Any attempt at describing him would be useless and vain. To be known *he must be heard*. He stands before you, a small, slender, pale young man, unprepossessing and without any indications of superior mental power. He commences—his voice is low and tremulous—his matter is not new or strikingly expresseo—you are disappointed,but wait awhile. Upon a bright summer's afternoon have you not seen a small cloud arise in the west? It came slowly up the horizon, growing larger and more distinct as it came gently along. The sun shone bright, the air was clear and calm, and save that one small cloud, your eye met in all the canopy of heaven, nothing but the blue horizon and the shining sun. The cloud came on,stretching its dark outlines until the azure dome and the golden sun were hid by its ebon darkness. You hear a distant and low thunder tone, and by and by, the storm has burst in all its terror over your head. Now the heavens are one vast sheet of liquid fire, anon it assumes the very blackness of despair, but in a moment the rallied energies of the elements deafen your ears by a terrific and continuous peal of loudest thunder, and the cloud of blackness is one huge blaze of forked lightning. That small and apparently insignificant cloud has gathered into a fearful storm. Look at the speaker before you. Apparently uninteresting, he commences his argument against the traffic in rum. As he proceeds he catches the inspiration of his theme and there falls upon your ear the warning note of the coming storm, and ere long you hear the fearful thunder and see the vivid lightnings. John B. Gough is feeling after the sympathies of your heart. The room is so crowded that large drops of perspiration fall from your brow—your overcoat perhaps is on and your seat very uncomfortable. but you know it not—of all the crowded audience you only see and hear the speaker. With him you enter the grog-shop and see the son stand between his father and the rumseller, earnestly pleading with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth that the demon who holds the sparkling glass in his hands may spare his aged sire; but he pleads in vain—the fatal draught is drank and they start for home. You see that old man, who for long years had kept his pledge. swaying under the influence of this, his last libation, placed in his hands by a mean and dastard rumseller. An involuntary sigh escapes from your lips as the old man falls from his seat and his head with its silver hairs is crushed by the wheel to atoms. The rumseller has *killed* him. You gaze up to the clear and silent heavens.—The pale moon and the thousand burning stars shine as gorgeously as ever. The chill evening wind sighs mournfully past, and you gaze upon the crushed and mangled remains till your heart's warm b'ood is chilled: or with him you stand by the majestic Niagara. You see the youth in his pleasure boat sailing over the waters of intemperance far above the rapids, you hear his gay song of mirth and revelry, you behold his friends with eyes streaming with tears, in vain soliciting him to turn his fragile boat towards the shore.—All remonstrances and better hopes are drowned by the siren song that ever lures him on. The cold chill of the foaming rapids wake him not.—Unconsciously he glides over the death-fraught wave and swiftly nears the awful cataract. You see him rapidly nearing ruin and death. You breathe low, quick and short. You watch him with a fearful interest. His boat is just upon the verge. One moment, and far, far down will he plunge in endless night: but just as he recoils with horror at the awful sight of the boiling flood below, an angel hand from a bridge that spans the frightful falls, reaches forth and rescues him from death. You feel easier—your breath is more natural—the inebriate is saved. Thus hour after hour will he chain you by the magic of his eloquence. At times pealing forth his thunder tones that fall with terrible effect upon the inmost feelings until your whole being is electrified, and your soul set on fire with indignation at the horrible traffic in rum, or soothing the excited feelings with a fairy-like tone, which play in sweetest strains upon the heart strings, that vibrate at every touch of the master hand.

Long may he live to battle against intemperance, and God speed the day when the last vestige of this dark stain shall be eradicated from the face of our beautiful earth. S. A. A.

Potter, May, 1850.

LADY WRITERS.

The editor of the Yankee Nation thus speaks of lady writers—

"We care not what may be said against the rights of the fair sex to meddle with politics, to preach, to attend to literary pursuits, or to write and lecture on the hackneyed subject of 'Woman,' still every reasonable, unprejudiced man must acknowledge that among our literary women are found some of the clearest thinkers, the most ingenious, eloquent and poetical writers on practical subjects, in America.

"For our own part, we like editresses. They appear to feel so deeply on the subject they write upon,to have such clear and firm convictions, and to speak their convictions so clearly and firmly, that even when we are farthest from agreeing with them,we must acknowledge ourselves pleased and entertained. Editresses are impulsive and very sensitive. When men sneer at them, or at the sex at large, they are eager to call them to account, and, like bold champions, challenge them to an immediate encounter of pens.

"The ideas advanced by editresses are often strikingly original—nearly always novel. We find something fresh in their columns—something womanly always. The most graceful productions frequently enrich their editorial columns, and when we read we are compelled to say—"Give us a woman to write leaders!" They are so different from the dull, strained, feeble productions of many editors, that we are charmed by their novelty, if nothing else. Sometimes we think editresses touch upon subjects out of woman's sphere, but we may be wrong, and if we knew we were right, we would not oppose them.—Woman has been made to feel inferior to man, and now that there is a vigorous reaction, it is not to be wondered at that she should reach too far.

"Let woman think then; let her write; and let her, through the mighty trumpet of the public press, proclaim her opinions to the world in tones that shall be heard."

Free Schools in Mississippi.—The Legislature of Mississippi has appropriated 200,000 dolars for which the people are to be taxed, to be distributed among the several counties in proportion to the number of children to establish a system of free schools. Steps are also being taken to procure an accurate return of the number of children between the age of six and twenty years.

☞ Patience is very good, but perseverance is much better: while the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

"Why is a certain tree called a weeping willow?" asked a schoolmaster, addressing one of his pupils. "Because you take sticks from it to whip the boys with."

Mrs. Pierson describes Mrs. Swisshelm as a small, delicately formed woman, with an unusual expanse of forehead, dark brown hair combed over her temples, light blue liquid eyes, nose rather prominent, mouth small and disclosing very fine teeth—countenance pleasing and smile truly enchanting.

Death by Spontaneous Combustion.—The following extraordinary occurrence is related in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*: A few days ago, in a tavern near the Barrierre de l'Etoile, a journeyman painter, named Xavier C——, well known for his intemperate habits, while drinking with some comrades, laid a wager that he would eat a lighted candle. His bet was taken; and scarcely had he introduced the flaming candle into his mouth, when he uttered a slight cry, and fell powerless to the ground. A bluish flame was seen to flicker about his lips, and, on an attempt being made to offer him assistance, the by-standers were horror struck to find that he was burning internally. At the end of half an hour, his head and upper part of his chest were reduced to charcoal. Two medical men were called in, and recognized that Xavier had fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion. This conflagration of the human frame is frightfully rapid in its progress. Bones, skin, and muscle are all devoured, consumed, and reduced to ashes. A handful of dust, on the spot where the victim fell, is all that remains.

Why Women are Unhealthy.—Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well trained mental power and well exercised self-control, and to absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combatting such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness, but becomes infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that it is better to wear out than to rust out; but it tells a plain truth; rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognisance of its possession.—[The Physical Training of Girls at School by Madame de Wahl.

The Work of the Rum-Seller.—The Wisconsin Tribune gives an account of a man in Lafayette county, named Hurlburt, who was killed lately by his own daughter. In a fit of intoxication he had driven his wife from the house and attempted to commit violence on his daughter, when she resisted. He then, with a large knife in his hand threatened her, upon which she retreated, and her father followed. She caught an axe, and swung it before her in self defence.—Her father rushed forward, and came in contact with the axe, which struck him on the neck,nearly severing his head from the body.

A Drunkard's Bed.—A young man, 27 years of age, named Alfred Acuffs, was found on the morning of the 3d ult., frozen fast in the mud and ice in the middle of one of the streets of the suburbs of Philadelphia. An axe had to be used to cut him out. When last seen alive he was on his way home in a beastly state of intoxication.

The Rumsellers of our village, or a portion of them at least, received an official visit from the State's Attorney during the past week, and some five or six of them were placed under bonds for their appearance at the next term of our County Court, to answer before that tribunal for the breaches of the law alleged against them. A majority of those complained of waived an examination and gave bonds.

[Montpelier Messenger.

Not temperance in one thing, but temperance in all things, pertains to good health.

WHO HAS FOUND HAPPINESS?

BY IRENE.

All the world is in search of happiness. Since time began, mankind have lived and labored for this one great object. Ages have laid millions in the dust, and yet who has found it? Who acknowledges its possession? Ask the miser after his toil is done, if his gold makes him happy, but he will never answer—aye. Ask the old man with the silver-grey locks, where in his long journey he found what mortals are continually seeking, and he will point all the way back to his childhood. But ask the restless, impatient youth, if *he* has the treasure, and he will shake his head and say he sees it glistening far in the future.—Surely then, the rich man with his beautiful wife, his fair daughters, and his noble sons, amidst the luxuries of wealth, must possess the eagerly sought aliсman. No! he groans beneath his burdens and cares, and longs for the poor man's peace. So the poor man is happiest then?

"Oh!" shouts *he*, "if I had but gold—gold—I'd ask no more," and he gazes with a covetous heart upon marble palaces, and believes their possession the acme of earthly bliss.

"Ah," say a host of whispering voices, "the belle, the heiress, has not even the trouble of seeking enjoyment. It is wafted to her. She has the treasure."

But who that has seen the "beauty of the season" *alone* for an hour, or heard the confessions of a faded favorite, who has yielded the palm to another, can say that she is happy?

Is there no lasting joy upon earth then?—Christians say no—philosophers and poets say no, and still the world rushes on, in the same worn channels, unheeding the warning of all who have gone before.

Let the world plod on; let the miser hug his gold; let man go through life without God, with wealth and distinction as his highest aim; let woman trifle away her days and leave her duties unperformed, and what wonder if there is but little genuine happiness. Those who fret at God's providences; who take no time to behold, and have no thought to bestow, upon all with which He has beautified the earth, may well say, "there is no joy here." The purest enjoyments are before us daily, but how much is lost in looking impatiently beyond them, for what is never fully realized in "borrowing trouble," without leaving the future to God, or in useless discontent with position in life. There is no mortal without some resources of happiness—no being created without causes for gratitude to the Creator.

Shall the *unthinking* creatures of earth excel *us* in gratitude, and fulfill the purposes for which they were made, while we go through life fretting and murmuring at what befalls us?

See the crabbed scowling faces that look forth even on a spring morning, upon the snow-covered hills and grumble at the second winter. Listen to the cheerful note of the robin as he skims about, and perching upon the snow-laden branches, lifts one foot and then the other to warm it under his feathered wing, the while sending forth a prolonged trill of melody, that is a touching rebuke to fault-finders, comfortably housed.

With so much of the beautiful to gladden the heart; so much affection to exercise; such opportunities for benefiting each other, and such a glorious life in prospect, when this has faded, why wear away this existence in weary repinings!—The man of business, who toils from morn till night for wealth, knows not the joy of a freer life—the woman who scolds and worries from dawn till dark, sees nothing to brighten her life—neither does the pleasure-seeker know the calm, softening influence of genuine happiness.

There *is* a lasting joy, and he has found it who possesses "*godliness with contentment.*"

Auburn, April 26, 1850.

A rusty shield prayed to the sun, and said, 'O sun! illume me with thy ray;' to which the sun retorted, 'O shield! make thyself clean.'

For the Lily.

THE APPROPRIATE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

How many changes have been rung on those words, *the appropriate sphere of Woman!* Man, in his generosity, has carefully and repeatedly measured its length and breath, and drawn its boundaries, and woman has accepted these limitations, and studiously curbed her thoughts and actions, lest they should be found protruding beyond them.

The sphere of woman has not been left, like that of man, to be determined by nature and her own capabilities, but an arbitrary standard has been set up to bring all upon the same monotonous level. In Turkey and Egypt this standard makes it shameful and indelicate for a woman to appear in public without having her face covered. In christian America, if God has given her the powers of a reformer, a sentiment but little less barbarous, and equally arbitrary, declares that "she ceases to be a woman" if she dares to exercise them. Woman in those countries is regarded as a thing formed for the gratification and convenience of man. Here it is imperfectly recognized that she has a soul of her own, and faculties to be developed for her own joy and perfection. But the tendency of much of our literature and of our practical education, has been to represent *marriage*, not as one means to her full development, but as the *end* for which she was born, and her only road to respectability. The consequence of this prevailing sentiment has been that young women generally, have not engaged in pursuits which would give full scope to all their faculties and energies, and thus fit them truly to perform the sacred duties of wife and mother, as well as render them independent of the contingency of marriage for sources of activity and the means of a livelihood.

Men are not thus educated exclusively for one relation; and the young man who, employed in no useful and noble pursuit, fritters away his golden youth in pleasure seeking is regarded by society with but little favor. Woman also, has faculties craving for development,—powers whose exercise is necessary to give fullness and repose to her life in any situation, and without the activity of which, she must be dependent, even under the most favorable circumstances. If there is one sight on earth fitted to "make the angels weep," it is that of a woman created with powers to make her a glorious member of society, yet leaving them all undeveloped, and without ennobling aims or useful pursuits, waiting in disquiet, for the contingency of marriage, before she begins the exercise of her wasting energies! If this contingency should fail, no wonder if she should be forlorn and fretful, and seek amusement for her empty, perverted mind, in scandal or silly tittle tattle. No marvel that more should take refuge from neglect, in marriages of convenience—connections without fitness, unions where "the twain are" *not* "one!" Thus the beautiful relation of true marriage is made a most selfish connection, and the holiness of love is continually mocked and profaned. Woman was born to live for man only in the same sense in which man was created for her. The end of her being, like his, is to develop her whole nature to its highest perfection—to fit herself not only for *one* but for many beautiful and glorious relationships; relationships which link her with the whole outward and spiritual universe. Marriage, as a general rule, will take place, for it is a true and natural relation; but, important as it is, it is not the only sphere of woman's usefulness and happiness.—With her powers strengthened and developed by a true education, she will know that the deepest sources of enjoyment are spiritual and within her reach, and in any situation in which it is her lot to be placed, she will find some outlets for her activities and affections, and will throw along the rugged pathways some gleams from the heaven whose light is within her spirit. The lives of such women as Harriet Martineau and Dorothy Dix, are blessings to the world, and many less conspicuous ones also, who are not called [illegible] form the duties of wife and mother, yet [illegible] pass on in the journey of life, making some [illegible] ry places glad, and thanking their God that [illegible] them also has been given a sphere of usefulness and a great joy.

If woman is fitted to instruct a nation in political economy, she has in that fitness a divine warrant for giving that instruction. If she is qualified to edit a paper or to lecture for public instruction, then she is as much within her sphere in these vocations as in making bread or mending clothes. If the love of truth and of humanity should impel her to preach the gospel of glad tidings to the sinful and woe worn of earth, she is laboring within her sphere in doing that as truly and beautifully as when she tends the cradle of her infant, or keeps her midnight watch by the weary couch of suffering.

It is not so much the *place* we fill, as the *manner* in which we fill it, that constitutes merit and secures happiness. Let woman then strive to develop and exercise in their harmonious combination, all her faculties; remembering that God has not given her powers to run to waste. Nature—Providence has prescribed the sphere of each, in the abilities and opportunities which she may possess. Let her be free. "Freedom! 'tis the dream of humanity, the song of Heaven."

Chester Co., Pa.

For the Lily.

MARRY HIM SHE WOULD.

There might be many a "three volumed history" written of cases substantially like that I now furnish, and those I may hereafter furnish for the columns of the "Lily."

Jane R——— was a smart girl of eighteen: intelligent, attractive, and healthy. She was an orphan: the daughter of parents who, while living, walked before their children in the fear of the Lord. They had both been dead some years, but Jane had found a home with kind relatives, who treated her as though she were their own child. Henry S—— was a young man of what the world calls respectable parentage—*very*; rich—but by no means "righteous over much,"—hardly enough. He had had his own head from childhood;—was apt, sprightly, and wayward. With too little industry to pursue a regular course of study,—and too much independence to be restrained by the rules of morality—Henry S. had become a half educated Attorney at Law, and a thorough bred contemner of the laws of God. Unable to bring himself into prominent notice as a lawer, Henry set up for a *Reformer*; not of his own habits, but of what he was pleased to consider the bad habits of society. He could prate about "Progress,"—could expatiate on the evils of our social and religious organization,—lounge in the piazza of the Hotel on Sundays—shake a dice box in the back room of the "Recess"—drink champaigne at the "American,"—and thank his stars that he was born to be a "smart man." He was Jane's suitor. Her friends who well knew his dissolute character, warned her against such a connexion; but Jane was blind.—He was not, she insisted,—he was not "really intemperate;—she knew he had a "good heart;" people all said he was "talented;" and *marry him she would*. She became his wife; and Mrs. Jane R. S—— is now the poor, sad-hearted slave of an idle, poverty-stricken, swearing, abusive, bloated, infidel drunkard.

Uncle Peter.

A Model Town and Model Judges.—In Troy, the county town of Miami county, Ohio, no license for the sale of intoxicating drinks has been given in three years; and the judges (the court of license) declare that they will sooner resign than grant a permit for the sale of liquor.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two high tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

JUNE. 1850.

NO LICENSE.

We learn that resolutions were passed on Monday last by the Board of Trustees of the village, and also by the town Excise Board, not to grant any licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, either in village or town the ensuing year. These resolutions were adopted by the former Board unanimously, and by the latter with only *one* dissenting vote. [Cour.

We are glad to learn that notwithstanding the apathy which prevails among the temperance men of our town, and the seeming indifference with which they regard the traffic which is carried to such fearful extent among us, in defiance of law, there is still sufficient moral courage, and perception of right and wrong, existing in the minds of our village and town authorities, to impel them to withhold their sanction from such an immoral and wicked business. We believe licenses have been granted in our *village* but *once* in *ten years*, and none in the town but twice or thrice in the same length of time. None but those who are perfectly reckless of the sad consequences resulting from the traffic, can deliberately incur the awful responsibility of being answerable for the doings of a lawless unprincipled class of men, who are preying upon the vitals of community, and growing fat upon the life blood of the victims they have slain. Light has broken in upon the minds of many who have heretofore regarded the business favorably, and they now see it in all its hideous deformity. They are not willing that the blood of their fellow men should cling to their skirts, nor can they withstand the wailings and tears of wretched, broken hearted women, and their helpless, starving children. The dreadful consequences of the traffic stare us in the face on every hand, and call loudly for some action which shall stay the desolating scourge. None but the wilfully blind, or the hardened reckless devotees of the inebriating cup, can shut their eyes and ears from the sight and sound of these appalling evils, or remain indifferent spectators of the awful crimes and bloody tragedies caused by it. All excitement on the subject of temperance has subsided, yet we think there was never a more settled conviction on the minds of people of its importance than at present. And this feeling is increasing, notwithstanding the repulse and cool treatment given the subject by our law makers. If temperance men would but do their whole duty, right and justice would soon triumph. We look forward with confidence to that "good time coming" when the gates of the river of death shall be closed, and the people be rescued from its dark waters.

☞ Read the following and then say if we speak too harshly in saying that the blood of these murdered ones must cling to the skirts of the rumseller :

Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.

A Horrible Sight—Rum's Doings and Death's Doings.

NASHUA, N. H., May 14.

EDITORS TRAVELLER—I have just returned from a horrible sight indeed,—the drunkard suicide and his murdered child. Scarcely recovered from the shock of a suicide in the case of a hard drinker by the name of Foster, at the close of last week, we were quite unprepared for the still more tragical scene of this morning. There lies the father (a Mr. Allen,) ghastly in death, just cut down from the fatal cord; and there, mute in helpless innocency, lies the corpse of his little daughter,—two years old to-day,—the youngest of eleven children, just strangled by the murderous hand of the father. by means of a cord that had cut quite through the skin, and nearly seperated the head from the body. All this was done while the wife and mother was gone, at 5 o'clock in the morning, to an upper chamber, to dress the diseased limb of a sick and suffering daughter.

One day last week, the discouraged and distressed wife said to the husband, "We cannot live so. If you will not do anything for the support of yourself and family, and if you will continue to take the children's earnings to buy rum, I must make complaint to the Selectmen." "If you will wait till next Tuesday," replied the drunken husband, "I will either go to work or take myself out of the way." Tuesday came and its deeds are done. And now when the worthless carcass of the drunken suicide shall have been buried, HE will be "out of the way." But who shall pluck the sting out of that mother's heart? There she sits with her dead baby in her arms, anxiously waiting the magic of the daguerreotype. "Oh give me at least this," she said, "all that will soon remain of my child!"

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil." Where this miserable man obtained his last drink, is not yet known.

LICENSE OR NO LICENSE—WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

The question is often asked. "what is the difference whether licenses are granted or not?—There is just as much liquor sold without as with a license."

We do not believe there *is* as much liquor sold where no licenses are granted, as where they are. But admit that there is, it makes a very great difference whether those who sell it are *moral* men, and sell according to law, or whether they are immoral, law breakers, and law defyers.—The venders of alcoholic poison have ever had law on their side, and been shielded from public scorn by having the *morality* of their characters and their business certified to by some half dozen men. These certificates, whenever given, are glaring falsehoods, which stain the hearts and hands of those who give them; and the law which sanctions the giving of such license and certificate, is a foul blot upon our statute book. There is a difference whether the man who is guilty of immoral and criminal deeds stands alone, and is alone answerable for such deeds, or whether he has the sanction and approval of the law, and the people of an enlightened nation. Yes! there is indeed a great difference, and we rejoice that men are opening their eyes to its truth, and beginning to shrink from the responsibility of giving their names and influence to a business so infamous.—If men will pursue a calling so immoral, unholy, and criminal—one fraught with so much sorrow, wretchedness and death, let them alone bear the iniquity and receive the reward of their doings. As well, and with equal justice, might men certify to the moral character of a highway robber and midnight assassin, and bid him go forth to plunder and destroy, as to let loose upon society these destructive vampyres to glut their unrighteous thirst for gain by trampling all that is good and holy beneath their feet, and making human happiness and life their sport.

The vender of alcoholic poison is protected by law in his deadly work and called a *moral* man, while he whose reason is dethroned, and whose brain is poisoned by the legalized destroyer, if he commit an offence against law, is condemned to chains and an ignominous death. We can see no difference between the guilt of killing a man by arsenic or alcohol, or between stealing his property by first stealing his reason, or breaking into his house at midnight, and carrying it off while the owner is in peaceful slumber. If the property sacrificed, the wretchedness caused, the ruin wrought, the crime committed, and the life destroyed by each be weighed in the balance, the guilt of the thief and the murderer would be but a feather's weight compared with that of the vender of alcoholic drinks. Men would revolt at the thought of making laws and giving their names and influence to enable the former to pursue his work unmolested, yet they have unhesitatingly done all this for the latter and called him a *moral* man, and his business a moral and honorable calling!

That much liquor is, and will be sold for a time in defiance of law is very true, yet it shows an enlightened public sentiment when men refuse to sanction a traffic so ruinous. It disarms those who engage in it of all authority for so doing, and subjects them to the penalties imposed upon other violators of law. We rejoice to see men washing their hands from this great guilt, and saying to the liquor sellers, "the blood of your victims be upon your own heads—our hands are clean from it."

COLLEGES FOR FEMALES.

It is with great pleasure that we hear of the establishing of Medical Colleges in different states, for the instruction of females. Had this subject long ago attracted the attention of men, we should not now see so many unhealthy women and sickly children. The physical education of our sex has until quite recently been entirely neglected, and as a natural consequence we have been subjected to diseases of body and mind which a knowledge of the human system and of causes and effects would have prevented. It is highly important that every woman, and especially every *mother*, should understand the laws of health, and have a knowledge of the healing art. We see, too, in this new movement, a brighter day dawning for woman. New spheres of action are being opened to her, and powers which have long lain dormant will burst forth. In the circumscribed sphere to which she has ever been confined by custom and the laws, she has never truly known of what she was capable. She has now risen above these customs with the determination to break down and alter the laws, and carve out her own life path in whatever way her inclinations and good sense may dictate. We fear not the result of these movements on the part of our sex, It is not the ignorant or the depraved that have taken the lead in them, but on the contrary the intelligent, the talented, the strong minded, the kind hearted lovers of their race are they who have stepped forward to rescue their sex from their ignorant and degraded state, and set an example worthy of imitation. We hope ere long

that other colleges of learning may be established for us, or that we may be permitted to enter those already established. Sure we are, that woman will prove herself equal to the discharge of any duties which she may take upon herself to fulfill.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The legislature of Pennsylvaniia at its present session chartered a college for the medical education of females, to be located in Philadelphia. The act of incorporation confers all the privileges enjoyed by any other medical school in that State. So far as chartered immunities are concerned, this college will stand side by side with the University of Pennsylvania. The government of the institution will be vested in the corporators and a board of twenty-four trustees, who have been appointed. The election of the faculty has not yet taken place. It is stated that the trustees, in making a selection for the different chairs, will be influenced by an especial regard to the moral as well as scientific qualifications of the candidates; and, while in point of medical ability they design that it shall be second to no institution in the State, their aim will be to give it a higher moral character than is enjoyed by any other on the continent. It will be opened for the reception of pupils about the middle of October, the time the other medical colleges commence their winter sessions.—[Republic.

We have elsewhere seen that Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D., is talked of for the Chair of Surgery.

CHEERING!

We learn from our exchanges that the Boards of Excise in very many towns in our state have refused to grant any licences for the sale of intoxicating drinks the present year. This is truly cheering, and shows indications of a more enlightened feeling on this important subject, and a more determined spirit of opposition to the legalized system of piracy, which has so long been suffered to curse the earth.

The Common Council of Auburn gave an unanimous vote against granting licenses. Not a voice was raised for it. Fulton, says no license.—Sterling, "on the very heels of a rum triumph at the polls, says No License through the action of its Excise Board." The excise Board of the town of Fleming have refused to grant licenses. The editor of the Wyoming County Mirror is rejoicing over a No License triumph in Warsaw.—Jamestown, is to have "no more getting drunk according to law," the Board of Excise having met and refused to grant any licenses. Junius and Tyre in this county, have put their seals of condemnation upon the liquor traffic by refusing to grant licenses. But we will not enumerate.—We only hope that the friends of sobriety and good order will follow up these triumphs and see that the law is enforced. An easy and decisive victory awaits them, if they will but do their duty, and put their principles in practice.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

We are frequently asked when this distinguished champion of temperance is to pay his expected visit to this village. We have heretofore been unable to give any satisfactory answer to these questions, and now we can only subject our citizens to a great disappointment. We learn that he was utterly unable to meet the many engagements made for him by the committee at Rochester, and the time which he designed spending in western New York having expired, he has returned to Massachusetts. We are heartily sorry and disappointed that he could not come here as he was expected to do. Our people have been deprived of a great treat, and much good has been lost to our village which we believe would have resulted from his visit. In another column will be found a description of his appearance and manner of speaking, which we, who have heard him, can say is not overdrawn.

We learn from an exchange paper that Mr. Gough was recently thrown from a carriage in Worcester, Mass., from which he received such serious injury as will prevent his lecturing again for several weeks.

THE TRUE KINDRED, edited by Mrs. SANFORD, and published at Chagrin Falls, O., has recently been joined in wedlock with the Independant Politician, which is a weekly paper published by E. H. SANFORD. The lady it seems was the first to make proposals in this case, which were cheerfully responded to on the part of the husband and they are now joined in interest and profession, as they before were in heart and hand.—Among other reasons given for the union, is the infrequency of the issue of the Kindred. Mrs. S. says, "in this telegraphic age many articles prepared for the Kindred are out of date before the month comes round." We have experienced the truth of this in a great degree with our own paper, and on many accounts should be very glad if we could issue a weekly. But we cannot think of it till our subscription list is doubled, or unless some one makes proposals to us, of a *union*.

☞ We devote our first page this month to the letter of LYDIA JANE PIERSON to the Ohio Convention of women, held in Salem on the 19th and 20th of last month. We commend it to the attentive perusal of our readers. This letter, together with several others from different ladies, and also a full account of the proceedings of the Convention were published in the New York Tribune. The letter of Mrs. E. C. STANTON of this place, with the exception of the last paragraph, was published in the Lily for May, previous to its appearance in the Tribune, under the head "Why should Women Vote? Would our limits permit, we should gladly publish other letters, together with the memorial and resolutions adopted by the Convention.

☞ If anything could cause us to regret exchanging our old office for the more pleasant one to which we have removed, we should now be pining in sorrow. The fact that our leaving it has given place to a wholesale pauper and criminal manufactory, is matter of deep regret to us.—As if the retail "dens" with which our village is infested were not enough, this establishment has opened its flood gates among us. We know not whether it was owing to the supposed *intemperance* of our citizens, or the indifference and want of energy on the part of our temperance men, that induced the proprietors of this manufactory to come to this place. Be the cause what it may, they are *unwelcome*, and we can but hope that their business will be so unprofitable as to compel them to abandon it, or speedily take their departure.

EXCISE REPORT.

The report of this year on the excise q... is a very able document and ought to be in the hands of every adult in the state.

Its facts are well authenticated, its arguments clear and conclusive. It shows the utter folly, yea, wickedness of license laws, the necessity of rigid legislative action, and the sin of withholding it. It clearly shows by its statistics that intemperance is the great parent of crime, pauperism, and inordinate taxation. The reports of jails, prisons, poor-houses, the testimony of jurors, policemen and sheriffs, all go to prove this fact beyond a doubt. The report further shows the right we have by common law to suppress all nuisances. Judge Cowen defines nuisances to be "erections of any kind adapted to sports and amusements, having no useful end, and notoriously fitted up and conducted with a view to make a profit to the owner." The nuisance he says consists in the "aptitude and tendency" of the establishment.

Under this head we might put down, not only the lower order of dram-shops, but those splendid nurseries of vice and iniquity which are rising up in all our cities, whose chaste style of building and fine architectural proportions seem to mock at the moral deformity within. Under this head might we put down our tall Astor House, Revere House, Congress Hall, and the Club Houses, too, in the city of New York. And just here let me say that I do seriously think that these club houses and secret societies, are the chef d'œuvre of the Devil for the destruction of the social influence of woman.

But to return to the report, it wisely *hints* at a separate temperance party. That is exactly what the friends of temperance ought to do; it is the only way to get the question fairly before the people. Where would the slavery question have been, were it not made a test question? and surely we suffer in this country, as long a line of evils, from slavery to rum, as from the slavery of the negro.

The report considers fairly the various propositions that have been made on this question, and fully proves that of *prohibition* to hold the only moral ground.

There is enough spread out in this document to inspire all those with renewed interest in this cause, whose hearts go out to the victims of vice and misfortune, and whose high moral sentiments lead them to desire the happiness and virtue of the whole human family.

To those again, who care more for their pecuniary interests than the moral welfare of their race,—to those who love their gold better than the souls of their neighbors, the statistics on taxation, showing how immensely our taxes are swelled up by intemperance, in a variety of ways, will make a powerful appeal. E. C. S.

Stanton

For the Lily.

THE CONVENTION.

We, the women of this country have again met in Convention, to discuss our rights and wrongs. We have not, as some have supposed, assembled at sundry times and in divers places, to go into the details of social life alone. We have not proposed to petition the Legislature to make our husbands just, generous, and courteous, to seat every man at the head of a cradle, and to clothe every woman in male attire; no, none of these points, however important they may be considered by humble minds, were ever touched upon in our Conventions. As to their costume, the gentlemen need have no fear of our imitating that, for we think it in violation of every principle of beauty, taste, and dignity; and notwithstanding all the contempt and abuse cast upon our loose flowing garments, we still admire their easy, graceful folds, and consider our costume much more beautiful, more artistic than theirs. Many of the *nobler* sex too, seem to agree with us in this opinion, for all the Bishops, Priests, Judges, Barristers and Lord Mayors of the first nation on the globe,

The Pope of Rome too, when officiating in his highest offices, wear the loose flowing robe, thus tacitly acknowledging that the ordinary male attire is neither dignified nor imposing.—Lo! we shall not molest you, gentlemen, in your philosophical experiments with stocks, pants, high heeled boots and Russian belt. Yours be the glory to discover by personal experience, how long the knee pan can resist the terrible straping down you impose,—in how short a time, the well developed muscles of the throat can be reduced to mere threads, by the constant pressure of the stock,—how high the heel of the boot must be, to make a short man tall—and how tight the Russian belt may be drawn, and yet have wind enough to sustain life. Our ambition leads us neither to discovery, or martyrdom of this sort.

But we did assemble, to protest against a form of government existing without the consent of the governed; to declare our right to be free, as man is free; to be represented in the government which we are taxed to support; to have such disgraceful laws as give to man the right to chastise, and imprison his wife—to take the wages which she earns—the property which she inherits, and in case of separation the children of her love—laws which make her the more dependant on his bounty,—it was to protest against such unjust laws as these; and to have them if possible forever erased from our statute books, deeming them a standing shame and disgrace to a professedly republican christian people in the nineteenth century. We met

"To uplift woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man."

And strange as it may seem to many, we have at length claimed our right to the exercise of the elective franchise. This right, no one pretends to deny. We need not prove ourselves equal in intellect, to Daniel Webster, to enjoy this privilege, for the most ignorant Irishman in the ditch has all the civil rights he has,—we need not prove our muscular power equal to this same Irishman, to enjoy this privilege, for the most tiny, weak, ill-shaped, imbecile stripling of twenty-one, has all the civil rights of the Irishman. We have no objection to the discussion of this question of equality, but we wish the question of equality kept distinct from the question of right, for the proof of the one does not determine the truth of the other. All *white* men in this country have the same rights, however they may differ in mind, body, or estate. The right is ours. The question now is, how shall we get possession of what rightfully belongs to us? We should not feel so sorely grieved, if no man who had not attained the full statute of Webster, Van Buren, Clay, or Gerrit Smith, could claim the right to vote, but to have the rights of drunkards, idiots, horse racing, rum-selling rowdies, ignorant foreigners and silly boys, fully recognized, whilst we ourselves, are thrust out from all the rights that belong to citizens, it is too grossly insulting to the dignity of woman to be longer quietly endured.

E. C. S.

E. C. Stanton

For the Lily.

"SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX."

"THE PUBLIC HEALTH & SAFETY IS THE SUPREME LAW."

All laws for the restraint and punishment of crime, for the preservation of the public peace, health, and morals, are from their very nature of primary importance, and lie at the foundation of social existence. So fully is this great principle of law recognised in all governments, that we often find individual rights set aside, ordinary laws interfered with, and the authority of Kings trampled under foot, in times of necessity, for the good of the public.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States have decided that all commerce, and kinds of traffic, that conflict with this great law, are unconstitutional and ought to be prohibited. Chief Justice Taney said, "If any state deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits, injurious to its citizens. I see nothing in the constitution to prevent it from regulating, and restraining the traffic, *or from prohibiting it altogether.*" This question of "constitutionality of prohibition," has been profoundly examined and discussed by a brilliant array of most distinguished counsellors, such as Webster, Choate, Hallett, Ames, Whipple and Hale in a series of license suits, argued before the Supreme Court of the United States—and that court settled the question beyond the possibility of a cavil,—that entire prohibition was constitutional, under the great law.

"Salus populi suprema lex," which is at the foundation of all laws. This point being settled, let us hear no more of license or no license,—let prohibition be the watch word; nothing short of this is worth talking about. "Indeed, the licensed sale of liquor is worse than the unlicensed in this respect, that it involves more persons in its guilt.—The licensing of any wrong act by the civil authority, or the permitting of that act to be done under a bond to pay the damage to the individuals, or the community, which bond is nothing but a license under another name, does not screen from guilt the perpetrator of the wrong; but it assumes upon the persons who give the license, and upon the government whose laws provide for the license, and upon the people who permit such laws to remain among their statutes, the responsibility and the guiltiness of all the wrongs that may legitimately flow from the acts thus licensed."

E. C. S.

E. C. Stanton

EVERGREEN GLADE, (Pa.,) May 21, 1850.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I have got to looking forward with pleasure to the week when a number of the "Lily" is due, for I feel glad to have communication with you and others who labor with you in the great cause of Human Progress. I am sure you have the good wishes and kind sympathies of every true woman—but you do not need this from me; every sincere effort to do good, to shed light and joy into any human heart, blesses them who make it with an exceeding peace, to which the commendations of others are poor in comparison.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the friends of Temperance to obtain a prohibitory law for Chester county, they have again been doomed to defeat. Two of the Representatives, Bowen and Acker, in direct opposition to the expressed wishes of a great majority of the people of the county, and a large number of those who placed them in office, voted against the bill; and although the other member, Mr. Bent, who offered it, used what influence he possessed to get it through, it was lost by a majority of nineteen.—So for one more year at least, this horrible business of drunkard making must continue under the shield and sanction of law.

What a shame and a disgrace to the people of this age, and this nation, that they will allow the infamous license system to remain upon the statute book. What a mockery and a shame to legislate for the good and prosperity of the country—to make laws to secure to each individual his right to life, liberty, the possession of property, and the pursuit of happiness, and then license a privileged few to drive a trade whose certain and legitimate fruits are the destruction of all these.

Were our law makers to authorize men to do directly, what they are privileged to do indirectly,—were they to commission a set of agents to locate themselves along our highways and by-ways, in town and country, who should perpetrate the same deeds which are now instigated under the shield of law—were men licensed to go into the houses of their neighbors and take victuals off the tables, and clothes off the backs of their helpless inmates—were they to deal out abuse and blows upon the wife and mother, in person, instead of doing that which is infinitely worse, causing it to be done through the agency of a beloved though imbruted husband or son—were they to arrest children on their way to school and rob them of their books, instead of using a once kind though now degraded father to effect the same thing—were they, I say, to give direct instead of indirect authority for these atrocities, the indignation of a united world would dash its surges against them and blast them forever. But even in that case, the crime and villainy of the thing would be somewhat redeemed by frankness, and would be wonderfully relieved of its worst features, its sharpest pangs and bitterest agonies.

The friends of Peace, Order and Sobriety, are deeply grieved but by no means disheartened, by the baseness of those who were chosen to legislate for them.

We are now just where we stood two years ago, (when the right to vote on the question of license was declared unconstitutional,) with the liquor traffic covered with the broad shield of law, standing directly in our path, and we can advance no further until we strip it of that respectability which it derives from a wicked and heartless government. Then, and not till then, can an outraged public moral sentiment be brought to bear upon it with sufficient force to crush it. Never will the desolating tide of drunkenness cease to roll over our land while the liquor traffic is licensed by law.

But those who battle for the Right should never give over while there is one evil left to combat, and in time the blessed effects of this noble warfare of truth with error, of the spirit of progress with avarice and beastly appetite, will be seen in the increased virtue and augmented happiness of our fellow creatures. * * *

Your friend, S. PEIRCE.

HONOR TO ITALIAN WOMEN.—A correspondent of the New York Evangelist, writing from Rome, says that at the execution of an Italian for the assassination of a French soldier, although the execution took place in public, and was generally known, not a *female* was present. When shall it be said of the great mass of American females, that the exhibition which has the most irresistible attractions for them, is not that of seeing a fellow being swinging on the gallows.

[Exchange.

As soon as their husbands shall themselves forego the fascination of these horrid scenes, and raise their voices like christian men against this savage custom. Places which are rendered by their immoral atmosphere unfit for woman to breathe, cannot but be dangerous for her sires and sons. She is taught by her spiritual fathers that capital punishment is a bible institution.—The distinguished Dr. Cheever of New York, and many other great men of our day, have come forth eloquent champions in defence of the gallows. Is it strange, then, that woman, ever religious and devotional, should in the simplicity of her faith, and the earnestness of her nature, naturally desire to avail herself of all the blessings to be derived from this pious "God-given institution?" The laws of our land uphold this system, and say the murderer must be made a public example in order to deter others from crime. If this be true, then woman ought to embrace every opportunity to be present at the solemnization of this painful, though salutary rite, that she may be preserved from any fearful excess in her social relations. To stay away from this ceremony, would argue a distrust of its high origin and great practical utility, and a want of veneration both for divine and human laws, that would, to say the least, be extremely unbecoming in so weak and ignorant a being as woman.

The high stations of the world corrupt the soul—poverty demeans it.

What an iron net is habit, and how securely it binds us in its folds.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MONS. ABADIE.

When on the dry and arid field,
The soldier takes his weary way,
Fainting beneath the toilsome march
Of all the long and weary day,

How grateful to his aching sight,
The verdant foliage of some tree,
Through whose green branches murmureth
A gentle music like the sea.

Dear mother! when on life's dark waste,
Torn by each wild, fierce passion's breath,
When nought remains but woe and tears,
And mournful thoughts of death,

The memory of thy kindly smile,
Of each soft, gentle tone,
Tells me that I have still one friend—
That I'm not all alone!

LITTLE WILLIE.

We had frequently observed a heart-broken looking lad pass by with a gallon oil-can in his hand. His tattered garments were well calculated to excite observation and pity. It was but too evident that the vessel which he carried had been diverted from its legitimate use, and that it was now used, not as an oil-can, but as a whisky jug. Having seen him pass twice in one day, with his ever-present can, we had the curiosity to accost him, and did so by inquiring his residence.

"I live," said he, "five miles from the city on the —— road."

"You have been to the city once before today, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, I came down in the morning; but I couldn't get what I was sent for, and I had to come again."

"What was you sent for, my lad? It must be something very important, to make it necessary for you to walk twenty miles in this cold storm?"

"Why, sir, it was whiskey that I was sent for. Father had no money, and he sent me to Mr. ——'s to get trusted; but he wouldn't trust any more, so I had to come home without the whiskey, but father sent me back again."

"How do you expect to get it now, when you couldn't get it in the morning?"

"Why, sir, I have brought a pair of shoes, which sister sent to mother. Mr. —— will give whiskey for *them*. He has got *two* or *three* pairs of mother's shoes now."

"Do you like to carry whiskey home, my boy?"

"O, no, sir, for it makes all so unhappy: but I can't help it."

We took the responsibility of advising the boy not to fulfill his errand, and returned home with him. The family we found consisted of husband, wife, and four children; the oldest (the boy) was not more than ten years of age, while the youngest was an infant of a few months.—It was a cold, blustering day. The north wind blew harshly, and came roughly and forbidden through the numberless crevices of the poor man's hovel. A few black embers occupied the fireplace, around which were huddled the half-naked children, and the woe-stricken mother and wife. Her face was haggard, her eyes sunken, her hair dishevelled, her clothes tattered and unclean.

She was seated upon an old broken chair and mechanically swinging to and fro, as if endeavoring to quiet her infant, which moaned pitifully in its mother's arms. It had been sick from its birth, and was now seemingly struggling to free itself from the harsh world into which it had, but a few months previous, been ushered. There was no tear in the eye of the mother, as she gazed on her expiring babe. The fountain had long before been dried up by the internal fires which alcohol had kindled and fed.

She was the picture of despair; and we could not but fancy, as she sat thus, that her mind was wandering back to the happy past—the days of her infancy and girlhood, and her early home.—Poor thing! She had given her affections and her hand to a man who had taken the first steps in intemperance. She had left her home full of buoyant hopes—hopes never to be realized—to spend a life of misery with a sot. Broken-hearted—cast out from the society of her former friends—frowned upon by the "good society" humane—spoken of as the miserable wife of a miserable drunkard, with no other hand to help, no heart to pity,—she very soon became a tippler and a drunkard herself.

By the side of this woe-smitten mother kneeled a little girl of five years, down whose sallow cheeks tears were coursing, and who ever and anon exclaimed. "Poor little Willie must you die?" and then kissing the clammy sweat from little Willie's brow, covered her face with her tattered apron, and wept.

In the opposite corner of the chimney, and among the ashes which covered the hearth, sat a boy about seven years, dragging from the half-dead embers a potato, which he broke open with the remark, "Mother, give this to little Willie. May be he's hungry. I'm hungry, too, and so is sister; but Willie is sick! Give him this potato, mother."

"No, poor boy," said the mother, "Willie will never be hungry again. *He will soon be dead.*"

This remark drew all the children around her and the dying child. The father was sitting upon what was intended for a bedstead, without his shoes, or coat, with his hands thrust into his pockets, apparently indifferent to all that was passing around him. His head was resting upon his breast, and his eyes were fastened upon the floor, as if he was afraid to look up at the sorrowing group, who were watching the countenance of the dying infant.

There was a moment of silence! Not a sound was heard. Even the sobs of the little girl had ceased. Death was crossing the hovel's threshhold! The very respiration of the household seemed suspended, when a slight shivering of the limbs of the infant, and a *shriek* from the half conscious mother, told all that the vital spark had fled!

For the first time, the father moved; slowly advanced to where his wife was seated; with quivering lips he whispered, "Is Willie dead."

"Yes, James, the poor babe is dead!" was the choking reply of the mother, who still sat, as at first, gazing upon the face of her little one.

Without uttering another word, the long brutalized father left the house, muttering as he went, "My God, how long!"

At this moment, a kind-hearted lady came in, who had heard but a few moments before of the dangerous illness of the child. She had brought with her some medicine, but her angel visit was too late. The gentle spirit of the babe had fled, and there remained for her but to comfort the living. This she did, while we followed the father. We related to him the circumstances which led us to his house, and briefly spoke of the misery which inevitably follows in the wake of intemperance.

"I know it, sir," said he; "I have long known it. I have not always been what you see me.—Alcohol and my appetite have brought me to this depth of degradation."

"Why not master that appetite? You have the power. Thousands have proved it."

"Sir, I believe it. I have seen others, as far reduced as myself, restored and made happy; but you are the first who has ever spoken to me on the subject, and I had too strong a passion for liquor to think of a reformation myself."

"Well, will you not make the effort?"

"I will. It has occupied my thoughts during the whole morning; and now, in the presence of Almighty God, I solemnly promise never again to touch the accursed thing which has ruined and made beggars of my family."

Happy enough to hear this manly resolve, we returned to the house with him; in due time we made the fact known to his wife, and producing a pledge, the whole family signed it upon the table which held the body of their dead child.

The scene was an affecting one.

* * * * * * *

Two years were passed, when the incident was recalled to our mind by a shake of the hand from a gentleman who was returning West with a stock of dry goods, which he had just purchased in New York. *It was the man who signed the temperance pledge, by the body of his dead child.*

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child of five years old, "Mary, you are not good for anything."

"Yes I am, dear father," replied she, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for, pray tell me, my dear?"

"I am good to love you, father," replied she, at the same time throwing her tiny arms around his neck, and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.

Blessed child! may your life be an expression of that early felt instinct of love. The highest good you or any other mortal can confer is to live in the full exercise of your affection.

TO YOUNG MEN.

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society: we mean not the rich, nor the proud, nor the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. When you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to associate with them.

It has broken down many a man to associate with the low and vulgar, where the ribbald song was sung, and the indecent story told, to excite laughter or influence the bad passions. If you wish to be wise and respected, associate with the intelligent and good.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the best medicine, a true friend.

FRIENDSHIP.—That man is happy who hath a true friend in his utmost need; but more happy he who hath no need of a friend.

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ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 1, 1850.